

Veneratio Jiralhanae?

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Summary: Never think in absolutes. Some humans are not good. All Sangheili can not be honorable. Few Prophets are truly manipulative. Many Unggoy are not cowardly. KigYar are not all narrowminded. Are these Jiralhanae really so different? On hiatus.

## 1. Chapter 1

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\*\*Veneratio Jiralhanae?\*\*

\*\*Ninth Age of Reclamation, Step of Silence \ Covenant Holy City High Charity\*\*

\*\*Seven Hundredth Twenty-second Hangar Bay, Level Eight-B  
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Major Anu 'Faluqanee stood at the ready as a \_Phantom\_-Class Dropship entered the hangar bay. He gave his sangheili and unggoy team a terse nod and moved directly below the Phantom's gravity lifts and waited for them to open and drop their cargo. Instead of a wave of cargo modules floating gently down the purple beam, a Jiralhanae with brown fur appeared in front of him. Faluqanee's unggoy squealed in terror and hid behind each other. He and his fellows merely opened their mandibles in displeasure. "Out of the way Jiralhanae, you are blocking the cargo," one of his teammates snarled. The jiralhanae turned and sneered at them and turned away, walking in a slow deliberate fashion. "You have no right to order me around sangheili," replied the sneering beast as more of his comrades were beamed down, the cargo modules stacking up behind them. "Never call us by out title with your filthy mouth jiralhanae!" roared 'Faluqanee his mandibles splayed open in anger. The jiralhanae laughed, "And what will you do, \_sangheili\_?" Faluqanee pulled out his blue plasma rifle, as did his teammates and mirrored by the brutes. The tension began to mount as he began to pull the trigger.

"What is going on here?"

They turned to the source of the voice, a large brute carrying a cargo module under his giant arm, his oddly calming voice breaking the tension of the to be skirmish, "Put down your arms. To fire in a sacred outskirts of the Holy City is sacrilegious!" Grudgingly both parties reattached their rifles back to their belts, the brute was more massive than his team, with silver gray fur and a wizened look upon his appearance, "As I said, what is going on down here?" "You do not have the—" began a sangheili as Faluqanee cut him off, "These jiralhane will not move out of the way for us to begin our work, and what's more they begin to mock us....\_Commander\_." He glanced at the other brutes, expecting them to be lazily sneer in victory, instead saw them cringed. Every brute commander would naturally wave them away and set them on a menial task, but apparently, this one Jiralhane was \_different\_. "Really? I apologize for the inconvenience, Major. Almanacus, \_apologize\_ to the Major, won't you?" The sangheili team and their unggoy were completely caught by surprise by the fact a brute commander was commanding one of his fellows to \_apologize\_ to a mutual enemy.

The brute looked pleadingly at his commanding officer, and grudgingly replied in clenched teeth, "I—I am sorry for the inconvenience I have caused you....\_Major\_." added the brute with a glare from the wizened jiralhane. "Apology accepted," replied Faluqanee with a rather bemused expression upon his features.

The fact that the brute had \_actually\_ humiliated one of his lesser officers in front of the sangheili was beyond comprehension. But suspicious. And extremely amusing and entertaining, nonetheless. "I must be going now Major. I apologize once more for the trouble," rumbled their commander in a genuinely honest voice. He led his brutes, and the kig-yar and unggoy that had been beamed down via gravity lift, away.

Giving the orders to look through cargo as per usual regulations, Faluqanee looked back at the commanding brute and decided it would be useful to know this particular jiralhane's name. "Jiralha-er, Commander!" The brute looked back and turned, "Yes, what is it Major? Was the apology not enough?"

"It was, though I wish to ask a bit more," Faluqanee replied respectfully, "What is your name?"

He knew that this was most unlikely thing ever to happen, a sign of respect was something, but to ask for one's name was a sign of something else. And the sangheili knew the brute knew this as well.

"I...I am known as Recolitus," he said after a moments tension, "Major...?"

"Faluqanee."

\* \* \*

><strong>Authors Note:</strong> I know, I know, its short. but it is a start. R&R, all critics allowed.

## 2. Chapter 2

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\*\*Veneratio Jiralhanae?\*\*

\*\*Ninth Age of Reclamation, Step of Silence \ Covenant Holy City High Charity\*\*

\*\*Major Anu 'Faluqanee's Private Quarters\*\*

Major Anu 'Faluqanee removed his helmet and set it down next to the rest of his armor. He then removed the secondary armor beneath it and set it next to his red armor. The past three units were exceptionally tiring. He and his team were put to work on one of High Charity's hangar bays to recieve a wave of shipments from the cruiser '\_Pious Flame\_' that were to sent to the lower levels for assembly. They had worked for a long time before their shift was over and he glad for it. His team consisted of seven sangheili minors and twelve unggoy, with three majors. But besides that, it was a regular day.

Well. Except for that \_one\_ incident. \_That \_was a new experience.

His hatred of the jiralhanae was like any other sangheili, unlike them, the jiralhanae had no honor; they backstabbed; they were dirty fighters; and they smelled worse than humans. And any feces he has ever smelled in his life. But there was something strange about this one. This...what was his name...?

Ah yes\_. Recolitus\_ was his name.

The Major strode over to his personal data screen and tapped on it's domed center. A hologram of a screen appeared with it's usual query:

'\_What lies within the depths of one's memory?\_'

He tapped the black dome several times with his usual answer:

'\_My family.\_'

The hologram flickered and beeped. Faluqanee spoke softly, "I want data on this name. Recolitus. Begin search." Data began to compile as the computer searched it's memory banks for anything related to the brute's name. He glanced at the time, he had three units to use before his shift came. A shower and a light meal sounds very good at the moment.

Half a unit later, Faluqanee returned to the computer dome and saw that the data had been completed some time ago. He accessed it at once.

\*\*Species: Jiralhanae\*\*

\*\*Name: Recolitus Rakuta\*\*

\*\*Rank: Field Master\*\*

\*\*Age: Seventeen point two Cycles\*\*

\*\*Military Background: Attained rank of Field Master upon completion of nine planet-side battles on the Human world 'Coral'. Led eight stealth missions onto a human system, 'Jericho IV'. \*\*

The list went on, listing dozens of battles under the Brute's belt. Or hide for that matter. The major shifted his attention to Recolitus's platoon:

\*\*Platoon-Commander: \*\*Recolitus Rakuta (Jiralhanae Field-Master)

\*\*Platoon-Leader: \*\*Oru 'Nelrokanee (Sangheili Field-Master)

\*\*Platoon-Captain: \*\*Reu 'Shaqrune (Sangheili Field-Master)

\*\*Sniper 1:\*\* Kar (Kig-Yar Major, Leader)

\*\*Sniper 2: \*\*Juq (Kig-Yar Major)

\*\*Sniper 3:\*\* Hac (Kig-Yar Major)

\*\*Heavy Weapons 1:\*\* Farukaca (Jiralhanae Major, leader)

\*\*Heavy Weapons 2: \*\*Mikrunnu (Jiralhanae Major)

\*\*Heavy Weapons 3: \*\*Gurntakus (Jiralhanae Minor, recently transferred)

\*\*Assault 1:\*\* Nuku 'Farkananee (Sangheili Major, Leader)

\*\*Assault 2:\*\* Huq 'Mekrunee (Sangheili Major)

\*\*Assault 3: \*\*Yaru 'Gwukenee (Sangheili Minor, recently transferred)

\*\*Scout 1: \*\*Yumap (Unggoy Major, Leader)

\*\*Scout 2: \*\*Pamnab (Unggoy Minor)

\*\*Scout 3:\*\* Maleb (Unggoy Minor)

\*\*Heavy-Assault 1:\*\* Yurhka (Lekgolo)

\*\*Heavy-Assault 2:\*\* Hishka (Lekgolo)

The Major was utterly dumbfounded. This was the most diverse brute pack he had ever seen. No Jiralhanae had ever had a platoon more diverse than half a dozen of their own kind and several unggoy for cannon fodder. He glanced at the time. It was nearly time for his shift. Faluganee shook his head in disbelief and shut off the terminal, plunging his quarters into darkness. He will have to think about this later. And perhaps take a look into this platoon.

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><strong>Ninth Age of Reclamation, Step of Silence \ Covenant Holy City High Charity<strong>

\*\*Sanctum of the Hierarchs\*\*

"My people. Today is indeed a great joyous moment for the all of us."

The High Prophet of Truth's voice echoed through every channel in and out of High Charity, as he and the two other High Prophets Mercy and Regret floated upon their pedestals while Truth gave his speech. "Our days of searching for the beginning for the key to the Great Journey has begun to come to an end. Behold!" Billions upon billions of covenant warriors and people turned their eyes upon the hologram of a great ring that floated in the depths of space. "We have found one of the seven Holy Rings! This is the one key that will bring salvation to all," croaked the old Mercy, his three fingered hand waving engimantically to the Ring, "What you see here is Halo. The great relic of the Forerunners. And we shall find the Great Journey within it!"

There was thundering of applause and cheering so loud that it shook the walls of High Charity and within the ships in orbit over the planetoid. "It is with great thanks to the Fleet of Particular Justice under the Supreme Commander Orna 'Fulsamee!'" shouted Regret over the cheering of thousands of sangheili. Their sangheili gave no cheering, they stood silent and sentinel to the Prophets whims.

While the Prophets continued with their speech, several groups of Jiralhanae did not cheer, their faces masked with malice and hatred for the Sangeheili that cheered wildly. "Look at them, dropping all manner and crying out for the Great Journey. Utterly pathetic," snarled a young brown brute as he polished his plasma rifle.

A silver fur-covered hand clamped down vice-like upon his shoulder, "Careful of what you say Bracktanus, it can be seen as heresy. Heed my warning." Bracktanus removed himself from the older brute's grip with difficulty, "We would not go cheering like fools like those sangheili, Recolitus." "Be as it may. They at the very least have a reason to be cheering like fools. We on the other hand do as well. We merely go to celebrate where there is food and drink is widely available. Come, Braktanus, there will be food and drink handed out in celebration all over High Charity!" said Recolitus in a deep vibrating voice, "Do not sulk like that my friends, it is unbecoming of a warrior." The other brutes nodded as well, their bloodlust sated with the idea of free food during the Great Celebration. Bracktanus gave one final snarl and turned as well, "They should at the very least have food better than rations..."

\* \* \*

>Seven rotations later. <p><strong><em>Steadfast Faith<em>, CCS-Class Battlecruiser \*\*

\*\*Sangheili Capitol Ship of the 'Fleet of Undying Zealotry'\*\*

"My people, friends, and comrades. It is with great honor that the Hierarchs have chosen me to be the first of my kind to command one of the great vessels that support the Covenant with all their might."

Faluqanee squinted up at the pedestal as the brute spoke, his mandables remained closed, but he too felt the anger and the insult of how a Brute could attain the rank of Shipmaster. It was proposterous! Then someone moved and his jaws split open.

"I will command this vessel in the name of the Covenant, and bring victory, honor, and the blood of our foes to you all! I, Recolitus of the Rakuta Tribe shall do all he can for the Covenant!" Shouted the silver-furred Brute, the surrounding crew roared their approval, many of them simple jiralhanae, some somewhat moved sangheili. One of those was Faluqanee.

\* \* \*

><strong>AN:\*\* It has so long...reviews very much please!

- TArVa

End  
file.